

THE TECH



IN THIS ISSUE

The Evolution of Time

By Ruth Drysdale

Too Much Fat

By Nina Keith

Alumni News

Vol. XXI

May

No. Eight

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Chas. L. Crawford

NOTE NEW LOCATION

214 South Adams Street

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You Young Men and Women of Bradley!

Will find the greater Bergner store a most satisfactory store—a homelike shopping place where you can find everything you may want and at a price that will be satisfactory to your pocketbook.

Get the habit of meeting your friends in our Tea Room where there is a modern up-to-the-minute soda fountain, dispensing every popular soft drink.

The Mezzanine Balcony Rest Room is also a fine place for a quiet half hour or more.

You are always welcome at this store.

P. A. Bergner & Co.



Vol. XXI

Peoria, Illinois, May 1918

No. 8

A GENEVA ENTHUSIAST.

My dear Y. W. C. A. Sister:

And you're going to Geneva this summer! How glorious! Your brief happy note telling me of it brought back my good times of last August. I could just re-feel those thrill-y moments of expectancy when we churned our way across Lake Geneva in the little steamer from William's Bay; then the happy sight of relief when, in answer to the mate's command, "All out for College Camp," we clutched suitcases, umbrellas, tennis rackets, kodaks, purses, etc., and clamored across the narrow gangplank on to the pier. Following the crowd, we deposited suitcases at the foot of the hill, then went on to the Administration Hall to register and secure our tent number. Later, one of the Y. M. C. A. fellows who serve as camp assistants during the conference, carried our suitcases and piloted us up to tent 81 in Illinois row. The other Bradley girls had previously arrived and were already acquainted with some of our jolly neighbors from Monmouth and DeKalb. Do you remember the annual member, Mary Waggoner, who visited with us last month? She and her president were in tent 82 and 'twas part of their duties during conference to patrol our four tents at 10 p. m. and call in sleepy tones:

"Lights out, girls," or "Please be quiet, friends."

Our light was generally extinguished on time, but often it was next to impossible to suppress our giggles; especially, if Lucille happened to pop her head over the partition to ask:

"Sh! Oh, girls, where did you put that flash light? I simply can not find my kimona!"

Curfew rings at ten, but the night hours fly all too swiftly and the first thing you know the 6:45 rising bell is ringing and you realize it is only an half hour until breakfast time. Of course, if you were real spry like Olga or Dorothy, you have gone in for a cool morning dip at 6:30.

Whew! what an appetite! You imagine you haven't eaten for weeks—don't suppress it for you'll find about five hundred and ninety-nine other girls, equally hungry, eagerly filing into the large, airy dining rooms. You forget your appetite tho for a few minutes while six hundred voices are lifted in praise and thanksgiving, singing "Holy, Holy, Holy." As you gaze through the large windows and shady trees out on the shining waters of the lake, you feel that truly God is "merciful and mighty" and His love shines on you from the bright eyes and happy faces of the girls so reverently praising Him. As the "Amen" dies away, a tinkling bell is heard and the girls are seated—then, what a chatter! And what delicious food—fresh eggs, real cream, hot biscuits—and you don't have to count the biscuits for the supply seems to be unlimited

At 8 o'clock comes morning devotionals held in the large auditorium close to the dining hall. These opening exercises help you start the day right and you are quite ready to go to Bible and Mission classes at 9 and 10.

At 11 o'clock you will probably meet with special groups to discuss the problems of Y. W. C. A. work in our colleges. Here you'll realize that you owe the girls at home a great deal for these happy times at camp and you



can only repay them by coming back to Bradley, filled with bigger visions and inspirations to make the home organization mean more than it has ever done before to all the girls in school.

Then soon there's the dinner bell—was it really true that only five hours have passed since break-

fast—your waist-line sensations make you doubt it. Therefore you, who at home may have boasted of a "dainty appetite," find that you almost envy the camel with his two stomachs.

One of the exciting events of the day occurs immediately after dinner—namely, the distribution of the mail—how anxiously you stand in that long line waiting for that daily letter—which sometimes doesn't arrive until evening.

Work is now over and the afternoon is spent as one pleases—in observing Quiet Hour, after which comes long hikes along the lake; or tennis, basketball, or swimming; or you may saunter off to one of the many cozy little nooks along the shore and read or dream to the tune of the lazy music of the waves crooning over the rocks.

At 6 o'clock comes supper, begun by singing the old hymn, "Day is Dying in the West," and one well realizes that "heaven is touching earth with rest" as she sees the sunset shadows stealing o'er the lake. After a busy day, one might expect supper to be very quiet—but, no, it is the most hilarious meal of the day—college songs and yells being given in gleeful rivalry, and every girl busily chats, and eats between sentences. At 6:30 the last boat arrives, consequently there's soon another long line for mail—but you quickly notice there's no pushing or unkind jostling—the "spirit of Geneva" has begun its work.

The most beautiful and restful hours of the day come at twilight, and just before evening service, the girls gather in groups on the pier to sing their college songs, but always closing with the old, familiar, well-loved hymns. At eight, they stroll quietly into the auditorium and sit bowed in silent prayers while the muffled tones of the piano steal out on the evening winds. The most inspiring messages of the day come in the evening addresses delivered by prominent Christian men and women. Following this service the delegations meet in small groups for a few minutes of consultation and worship; then, at the sound of the warning bell, we fly to our tents to prepare for curfew.

Tho I've just given you a mere outline of the average day, there are numberless unexpected things which I haven't time to tell you about—such as quiet, helpful chats with the leaders; early morning hikes; evening bon-fires on Mt. Round Top; boat excursions around the lake—*don't* try to walk around the lake as one enthusiastic pedestrian attempted last summer—for it's twenty-eight miles! You could hardly do it before breakfast.

In packing your suitcase there are several things you want to be sure to take, e. g., a hot water bottle, as the nights get chilly, yea, even *cold*—and if you're wise, you'll soon ask for extra blankets. Then, *don't* forget your searchlight! The trees seem to take pleasure in sticking an unexpected root across your path after the sun goes down. You'll find a pair of comfortable walking shoes and a heavy sweater will be most acceptable every day in camp.

I didn't intend to chat so long but Geneva is a subject hard to exhaust—I know you'll feel the same after ten delightful days there. But all the larks, jolly outings, helpful study, and inspiring meetings are not complete without a recognition of the "spirit of Geneva"—that spirit of love and kindness which shows in every girl's daily life and makes the word "Geneva" stand for the happiness it does. As one leader most fittingly said:

"The spirit of Geneva is simply the spirit of Jesus Christ being worked out in daily service and living."

It is hard to clearly explain but you'll feel it as soon as you arrive, and it will be the richest treasure you bring away with you.

Again, I'm so glad you're going and I hope you take a big Bradley delegation with you and that all become, as I am,

A Geneva Enthusiast.

A COUNTRY TWILIGHT.

A violet flush along the western hill tops,
Fades in the gray of falling eve-tide,
A gentle hush of flowers and leaflets folding
Their hands, as prayers of incense sweet arise.

Sweet apple blossoms filter through the silence,
In fragrant showers, toward the dewy grass,
The even song of birds has sweetly ended,
The pulsing throb of life is still at last.

The silent stars smile one by one from heaven,
A whip-poor-will in distant grove laments,
We tiptoe softly thro' the dewy grasses,
In reverence for the magic of the night.

—Esther Thompson.

THE EVOLUTION OF TIM.

Mrs. O'Grady settled herself comfortably in Mrs. Sullivan's most comfortable arm-chair, shifted her ample bulk to one side as she took out her knitting, then resettled herself comfortably for an afternoon of knitting and gossiping.

"Shure, an' did I ever tell you the story of how shiftless old Pat Dooley's good-for-nothin' son fell heir to a million? No? Well, it's a choice bit of gossip, and sounds good in the tellin', so I'll be enlightenin' ye on the subject now.

"Old Pat was that shiftless and lazy that his frail little wife an' his fine large family of thirteen children gradually drifted away out of slow starvation, 'til at last all that was left was the thirteenth son and old Pat. This lad was the homeliest and weakest of the whole thirteen, and good Dame Nature must 'a' been in a terrible mood when she shaped the poor lad, for his head was that full of bumps, and his poor eyes looked in opposite directions, an' his nose crooked about on his face in the most bewilderin' fashion, 'til both man an' beast would go a mile out of their way, rather than to look on 'Ugly Tim', as they called him.

"But this was not all of the lad's bad points. His neck was long an' thin, an' contained an astonishingly large Adam's apple, which went shootin' up an' down at the least provocation. His body was large an' loose-jointed, while he was that bow-legged that he would 'a' made a handsome croquet-arch.

"As I said, he an' his father were the last of the family, an' they managed to struggle along, the boy doin' the work an' Pat nothin', for two or three years. Thin old Pat grew tired of the over-exertion of feedin' himself an' rollin' out o' bed in the mornin', and he too turned up his toes an' died, leavin' ugly Tim alone in the world, an' heir to a four-room shanty, an acre of ground an' a lean pig.

"'Twas right here that the uncle came in. Peter Dooley was rich, old, an' a bachelor. He had entirely disapproved of Pat's shiftless ways, an' had long since refused to give him or his any help whatever. He owned miles an' miles of the country 'round an' had long been the center of attraction for ambitious an' match-makin' mothers an' their daughters. But he had remained single, an' was now seventy-five, without a soul heir for his money an' land.

"But all this changed with the death of old Pat. Peter went over to the little shanty, comforted poor Tim, gave Pat a decent burial, an' then took Tim home with him to live. After the first shock of seein' his ugly face around, Peter grew real fond of the boy, who was a good worker an' had a heart as big as a barn.

"An' Tim was so grateful to his uncle Peter for treatin' him like a human being an' givin' him the first taste of anything like love he had ever had in his poor starved life, that he worshiped Peter, like St. Pat himself.

"The two were constant companions, an' many a man an' woman wondered what a fine old gentleman like Peter Dooley could see in ugly Tim. But see he did, for there was no mistakin' the ginuin affection he had for the b'y, an' the blind love with which Tim worshiped his uncle.

"Thin, one fine summer mornin', Peter didn't come out to breakfast as usual, an' Tim, goin' in to call him, found him sleepin' his last earthly sleep in his little ould bed. Tim was nigh crazy with grief an' went tearin' 'round the village huntin' for a doctor as could bring Peter back to life. But 'tis useless to say that he found none of these and Peter remained dead in spite of Tim's earnest prayers an' terrible grief. Thin Peter was laid beside Pat an' his thirteen in the green church-yard an' Tim was once more left alone in the world,—thinner, uglier, and if possible more misshapen than ever as the result of his long grievin'.

"For a long time Tim refused to be comforted. The lawyers came again an' again to read him Peter's will, but he would have none of them, an' they would leave him sittin' on his stool beside Peter's vacant rocker starin' an' mutterin', as if he were holdin' some consultation with his uncle's departed shade. Perhaps old Peter counseled the b'y to stop grievin' an' take up his duties, for one day in the late fall Tim shambled into the village with a look of determination on his ugly countenance, stepped into the lawyer's office and requested that his uncle's will be read to him. This was done and Tim found that his uncle had bequeathed him some fifteen thousand dollars that he had in the village bank, and on condition that he was married an' livin' on the old farm on his 25th birthday, he was to receive all the lands, stock and securities ould Peter possessed, valued at something over a million. If he did not fulfill the conditions, the above named property was to go for charitable purposes.

"Tim was dazed by his sudden wealth, but knowin' that his uncle's last wish was that he should marry, he set about takin' steps to get married in the only way he knew how. He called on every girl in town, one after the other, an' asked permission to engage her company for the comin' year, an' ivery girl in town, afther thinkin' longingly of the million dollars an' resolvin' to do her best, gave up in despair after an evenin' of tryin' to entertain Tim in the family parlor. For Tim would say niver a word except 'Yis' an' 'No', but would stare ahead of him gulpin' all the while an' bringin' his Adam's apple into play, 'til the poor girls decided one and all that million or no million, they couldn't stand a long life with ugly Tim, an' he seemed to be in good health in spite of his leanness.

"Poor Tim was discouraged. He knew he was ugly an' stupid, but he had had no idea that it was goin' to be such a hard job to find a wife. He was nearin' his 24th birthday, and although to be sure he had a whole year in front of him, he could see no chance for any better success in the near future, as he had tried all the eligible girls in the community now.

"There was a girl, however, that he had not tried; she was Mollie, the daughter of lazy old Mike O'Brien, that was always tryin' to paint pictures an' write poetry when he should 'a' been plowin'. Molly had grown up a wild young miss, doin' all the hard farm work an' defyin' the village conventions by refusin' to go to church on Sundays an' workin' in the fields bare-footed. She also had a way of airin' her opinions about certain prominent people in such a witty an' truthful manner that the community felt she was a trifle dangerous as well as eccentric, an' so branded Molly as a

sort of social outcast. But if she was unconventional, she certainly also was beautiful in a wild, wide-eyed way. Her tall young body was as straight an' supple as any of nature's own goddesses. She had fine regular features, a mass of curly dark-brown hair, wide blue eyes, an' rosy lips that too often were curling in a scornful sneer. There was no love lost between her an' the smug, self-satisfied village folk. But the boys of the village did not share in their mothers' aversion to Mollie. They had found her to be a good pal, as square as could be, with high ideals an' a heart that scorned shams an' hypocrisy.

"It was rumored that several of the village's most prominent young men would have willingly cut off their right hands if only Molly would have them, but she, queer girl, had her own ideas about love an' marriage.

"Now Tim had not tried to engage Mollie O'Brien's company for the year—not because he did not like Mollie or had any of the popular aversion for her—but because he had always admired her greatly from afar, because he had felt that hers was a wonderful nature and a true heart, an' because he knew that she would have none o' him.

"It was with great surprise, then, that he heard his name called out sharply as he passed the field where Mollie was workin' one day.

"'Tim Dooley,' said Mollie, commandingly, 'I want to speak to you,' and Tim in obedience climbed down from the buggy, an' leadin' his horse to the roadside, stood silently before her. 'Tim,' said Mollie, 'they're laughin' at you an' the way you make love in the village. You're goin' at it all wrong, Tim, lad. What you should do, is to go to the city, Go away for awhile, an' give the girls here a chance to worry about you an' your million. An' Tim,' she said softly, layin' her hand on his arm—'I've heard as how there are doctors now that can make poor crooked eyes straight again. Get a beauty doctor to straighten your nose, Tim, an' let a tailor make ye some iligant clothes. Thin go to the opera an' travel a bit, lad. Get a little polish an' sophistication, an' this—come an' try yer luck again—I'll warrant ye 'twill have changed by that time.'

Tim looked at the girl in front of him an' gulped back the sobs that were comin' to his throat. He already knew what she had told him—he had felt that people were laughin' at him an' had thought him a clown. but comin' from this girl who looked at him so squarely, with eyes filled with tenderness an' pity, it seemed suddenly unfair an' cruel. She, too, must think him stupid an' silly, she must hate his ugliness, how could she help it? And she was so sweet an' kind. *She* pitied him an' wanted to help him.

Molly must have read a piece of the boy's mind, for she turned to him kindly, an' said, 'Tim, lad, don't be thinkin' that I am like them—I hate them for the way they are laughin' at ye, an' I respect an' like ye ever so much because of your kind ways an' big heart.' Tim was dumbly grateful to the girl for what she said, an' was comin' to regard her as more of an angel ivery minute he stood there, talkin', and advisin' him so grave an' sweet like. It made him think of his uncle Peter, an' he felt vaguely that the girl was right, too. At last he managed to stammer out a vague "How?"

an' Molly, sensing his embarrassment, outlined to the boy how he could take some money from the bank, an' start out the next day on his quest for improvement. She told him that she'd come over that very afternoon an' tidy up his house an' clothes for him an' help him get ready to go.

"So Tim climbed back into the buggy, clucked to his horse and rode into town with a new confidence in his heart an' a dim hope that some day he might even win Molly, the adored.

"He drove up to the bank, an' goin' in, drew out \$2,000 an' gave nobody the satisfaction of tellin' what he was goin' to do with it, either.

"When he arrived home he found Molly there before him. Already the dust was flyin' an' things were beginning to brighten up, with her singin' all the time like a happy wren.

"Tim stayed outside till the sound of violent activity died down, thin he went in an' clumsily tried to help her straighten up a bit. Molly was in high spirits an' informed him that she was goin' to stay to supper an' clean an' mend his clothes for him afterward, so that he'd be all ready to start for the city in the mornin'.

"That supper an' evening was a dream to Tim. Molly prepared a good meal an' they ate, an' did the dishes together, Molly laughin' an' chatterin' all the while, an' even Tim surprisin' himself by talkin' ivery now an' thin. After supper Molly cleaned, pressed and mended his best suit, an' helped him pack his little suitcase for the journey—prattlin' all the while about what he was to do in the city. With the work finished, she gathered up her things an' Tim the bashful, Tim the silent, hitched up the horse and took her home, promisin' to stop on his way to the train an' take her to the station with him in the mornin'.

"Train time found Tim an' Mollie an' half the village down to the station. Everyone wanted to know where, how and why he was goin'—how long he was goin' to stay, an' a million other questions. They looked suspiciously at Molly, an' several of the mothers whispered that they were afraid Tim had been gettin' into bad company, an' that Molly O'Brien was certainly settin' her cap for the million.

"Finally, the train came thunderin' up an' Tim, with his suitcase, climbed aboard. Mollie was the last one to shake him by the hand. 'I know your luck will change when you come back, Tim, but if it shouldn't, —I'll marry you myself,' she whispered defiantly, and Tim, made bold by the love of her, called back, 'I'll be rememberin' *that* forever, Molly dear.'

"Days lengthened into weeks, an' weeks into months, an' still Tim didn't return, nor did anyone hear from him. Molly was questioned an' cross-questioned, but if she knew anything of Tim's whereabouts or motives she kept it to herself, an' no one was any the wiser for talkin' to her. But even Molly became worried, as time lengthened,—not a word did she hear from Tim, an' she commenced to think of all the dangers an' the pitfalls that might be in the way of poor trustin' Tim in the big city. The banker reported that Tim was steadily drawing on his bank-account through a bank in X—, but beyond this—no one knew.

"Then one day when almost a year had passed, a gang of workmen came to the village, an' makin' their way to a beautiful corner of old Peter's land, they began to construct an iligant house, 'for Mr. Dooley,' they said. Day by day the house grew in size an' beauty an' Molly, watchin' from her window, felt that this must be the home Tim was buildin' for his bride. Of course he had found some one in the city who probably had heard about his million an' accepted him. She wouldn't really care for him an' poor Tim would be unhappy—. She found herself worryin' about how unhappy he would be, an' she blamed herself for ever suggestin' that he go to the city. After all, what was a million if he wasn't happy. Then the thought of how homely poor Tim was, and again her heart went out in pity for him. She even wept a little, when she saw a neat garage being built an' the whole thing bein' finished with a coat of glistenin' white paint an' green shutters.

"She watched men rollin' an' cuttin' the lawn an' plantin' shrubs in artistic clusters around the house. She watched some go into the house in the mornin' an' come out again at night. Then one day she saw several truck loads of furniture, rugs an' household goods come. The next day snowy curtains were in the windows, an' Molly knew that Tim an' his bride would soon be comin'. She looked at the beautiful house an' artistic grounds an' envied the woman who would live in that home. She loved beauty, an' all her life it had been denied her. It wasn't fair. Her pretty lips—that had not been so scornful since she took an interest in Tim—curled once more into the unbecoming sneer and Molly, softened for awhile, began to show signs of the cynic again. Not that she was in love with Tim. She never once thought of that—but she had never stopped to *analyze* her feelin's for the awkward fellows—she only knew that she didn't want anyone else to live in that fine house of Tim's an' make the poor lad miserable.

"It was a fine mornin' in the early summer when a big grey car drew up in front of the village postoffice. The driver, a tall, rather ungainly man, got out an' went into the office an' asked if there was any mail for Mr. Dooley. The postmaster looked at the new-comer, blinked, an' looked again, an' Tim—for 'twas he—burst into a hearty laugh. 'This is good,' says Tim, 'not to have even me old friends recognize me.' 'But ye've changed, Tim,' said the postmaster bewilderin'ly, an' changed he had, for his blue eyes twinkled right merrily an' they were as straight as yours or mine, an' his nose in some bewilderin' fashion seemed finally to rest where it was supposed to. His crinkly black hair was brushed back into a slick pompadour. When he laughed his teeth shone out white, strong an' even, his prominent Adam's apple was camouflaged by a neat white collar. Even his bow legs were disguised with all the art of a good tailor, and Tim, as he stood there, gave the little group that had gathered around him the impression of vitality an' a great reserve of strength. True, he wouldn't 'a' taken first prize at a beauty show, but he was a good clean-cut lookin' fellow now an' no one had forgotten the million for a single moment.

"But Tim had a mind to be off again an' he strode out to his car, meetin' an' speakin' to old friends as briefly as possible. Several of the girls he had

called upon—tryin' to engage their company—came up to him and gushingly admired his car an' was glad he was back an' hoped he'd call soon. But Tim with an easy laugh said he guessed he'd leave the callin' for them to do, as he an' his bride would be at home shortly. A whirr of the engine, an' the big car streaked down the road, leavin' the village gapin' an' starin' behind it.

"When Molly saw the big grey car stop in front of her door, she knew before she saw the tall figure step out that it was Tim come home, she looked in vain for his bride but could see none. Then Molly did a foolish thing, for she took up her pail an' ran as hard as she could to the barn. It wasn't noon yet, so she couldn't sensibly milk the cow, so started to hunt for the eggs. But Tim, havin' seen Molly's flight to the barn, was right on her heels, an' she had found nary an egg when he burst into the door cryin', 'Molly, aren't ye even glad to see me, that ye run off in this manner?' An' Molly, lookin' up with a great show of surprise, got slowly to her feet an' blushin' for all the world like a rose, she came to meet him with her hand outstretched. 'Why, if it isn't Mr. Dooley!' Tim, ignorin' her outstretched hand, caught her in his arms an' kissed her, full on her scornful red lips. Now, whatever kind of a greetin' Molly had expected from Tim, it had not been this, an' the suddenness of it all sent all her old independence flyin' through her an' she slapped Tim good with the hand that had been extended to him a moment before. Tim merely grinned an' said, 'But, Molly, darlint, ye're not treatin' me very nice for an obedient bride. If you don't look out, you'll have me scairt out o' marryin' you.' 'Bride—marryin' you,' Molly fairly gasped. 'Of all the fresh men in Christendom, you're the freshest.' 'Molly, dear,' said Tim, 'you're square, aren't you? An' a woman of your word?' Molly nodded, knowin' in her heart what was comin', yet feignin' ignorance.

"'Well,' said Tim, 'ye promised to marry me if no one else would have me, an' they won't—so here I am.' 'Ye haven't tried *every* one, have ye?' said Molly faintly. But Tim ignored this last feeble protest in a wild whoop of joy, as he kissed his bride thirteen times for good luck."

Mrs. O'Grady looked at Mrs. Sullivan's clock, which was just striking five, and hastily folded her knitting. "They're an elegant couple an' as happy as larks," she sighed, "an' they do say that Molly will run Tim for mayor next year."

—Ruth L. Drysdale.

TOO MUCH FAT.

A blue star on its white and red background hung from the living room window of the little bungalow on Chappel street; the neighbors called this bungalow harmony home, for there lived a little family to whom hatred and selfishness were entirely foreign. Even when Phil left to become one of the nobles among the defenders of God-bestowed freedom, the little family rejoiced in his whole-hearted desire to serve, and made his brilliant star their pride.

"Well, Dad, they told us in conservation class today, the Government is asking fat people to give their excess fat to the soldiers. You see, if they don't eat, they'll use up their stored energy and save food for the hungry boys across the Atlantic."

It was Dawn who spoke as they sat about the white laid dinner table—Dad, Mother, Dawn and little June.

"Sorry I'm not a little heavy now," Dad answered. "Perhaps I could save more food for Phil. Haven't heard from Phil today, have you, Mother?"

"No, not this week yet. But I expect a nice long letter from him tomorrow."

"Muvver," June's rosy lips chirped, "Tan I det down? I'se finished, and I want to det my doll."

So a cheery meal ended and soon night quieted the household in its calmness.

But as bright-eyed day returned a-dancing, there was discomfort in the usually peaceful home, June seemed ill. Her little cup of warm milk stood brimming and untouched. June sat in Daddy's big armchair in the living room, gazing out of the window. But her illness was not deeply serious, for as the morning grew older, she ran out to join the neighborhood flock of "kids".

It was not till evening that Mother's forehead became creased and her eyes grave. Dad returning took June into his great arms, and pressed his big palm on her little rose-soft temples and exclaimed, "Mother, she hasn't very much fever. Can you imagine what can be the matter? Can you persuade her to take a little milk?"

"I have tried, dear, but she refuses; she says she doesn't want it. She hasn't played but just a little while today; and this afternoon she slept rather fitfully. But strangest of all, she doesn't complain."

The harmony of the little bungalow was dangerously threatened. For little June, health's own child, was the home's life, and now she seemed weak and cheerless. The golden sun-filled rooms were grayly-shaded.

Night again brought darkness and little June slept. But Dad and Mother forgot rest and watched over her through long, dark hours.

At breakfast, next morning, there was still an empty little high chair, still an untouched cup of milk. The table looked gray and even the bright scarlet of the star banner in the window looked purplish.

"Muvver," came in June's sweet lisping. Instantly the table was quitted and the three hastened to attend June's soft summoning.

June was sitting in the midst of her white-linened bed and striving like a wee Trojan to hide her tears. But Mother's soft bosom would not let one be a hero, so she wept softly.

"Muvver, my tumick is hungry; but I am fat, it won't go away, and I want my bruvver to have fings to eat. I don't want him to be hungry like me. Fink he's had enough now?"

— *Nina Keith.*



Edited by Howard E. Kelly and Ernest R. Stotler.

THE ART EXHIBIT.

In spite of the handicaps of consistently inclement weather and a room much inferior to the Social Hall for exhibition purposes, the Bradley Art Exhibit achieved a success which merits note here. An attendance of nearly 350 gives testimony to the popularity of the event, altho it is to be regretted that, in spite of the special emphasis laid on the matter, comparatively few students attended. In passing, it might be mentioned that a committee of faculty members gave gratuitously of their time and energy in preparing this show—not alone for Peorians, friends of Bradley—but especially for Bradley itself.

The exhibit included a great variety of things—which fact is perhaps accountable in considerable degree for the interest evoked—from the “strictly business” character of Mr. Boniface’s excellent commercial pen work, to the portraits of Mrs. Cowell and of Mrs. Humphrey, done very evidently, purely “for the love of working” and for the purpose of creating something artistic on the charm of color or decoration. Then, too, there is a difference between the 16th century style of the carved chest, the work of Bradley student-craftsmen, and the colorful tone and rose spot decoration of Miss Corneilison’s modern furniture and furnishings. The two groups of pencil work, one by Mr. Warner, showing splendidly able technique, and the other by Mr. Frazer, with his customary vigor and spontaniety, gave an interesting comparison of two excellent but widely different styles.

Again, let us say the exhibit was decidedly a success, and those who missed it *missed something*.

WOOD TURNING.

The following general remarks are in response to a request from one of the editors of this department. They are made with the hope that those interested will get a clearer vision of the art of wood turning in its method and content.

Call Main 4002, THE HOLLY STUDIO, for private parties.

The course in the past has consisted mainly in a series of exercises preparatory to the turning of some fancy pieces, or novelties; such as, candlesticks, trays, boxes, etc. During the last three or four years, however, it has been more closely connected with furniture making and pattern making. In spite of the fascinating work and beautiful pieces resulting from a course merely as turning, it is felt that the art owes it, so to speak, to furniture making to add its enrichments and notes of beauty. Wood turning disassociated from furniture making loses a great deal of its dignity and fails to contribute an element of beauty which only turning can contribute.

To secure a desirable mental background for work on the lathe, a lecture on its historical development is given. These developments from the most primitive, or Indian form through the Persian, Arabian, Chinese, and European forms, are carefully noted and compared. All these earlier types are of reciprocal motion, that is, of a forward and backward movement of the material, and it is only in the European forms that the continuous motion is developed. Of course, even the most advanced of these latter forms were "foot power" lathes. It is only in the most modern times that we have the different forms of power lathes, such as, the "over head" and "under drive" belt driven forms, the "individual motor" and "motor head" forms.

The two most radical changes which we find in passing from bench work to turning is in the changed forms, or shapes, of the product and in the changed relation of tools and material. The result of bench works are usually angular, those of turning are circular. In bench work the material is stationary and the tools are moved against it, in turning the tools are comparatively stationary while the material is moved against the tools.

Although it is very interesting to do wood turning and looks very simple and easy when one watches an expert, it requires a high degree of skill to use the tools properly. It is very fascinating to hold a gauge against the wood, watch a stream of wood curl off as an apple peeling might; but to use the gauge properly in cutting a cove or to turn the skew properly in cutting a bead, one must have had some close analysis of cutting principles and some patient practice.

The turning lathe, or machine, is the means whereby the young student is introduced to more dangerous wood working machinery. It is the first machine that grade or high school boys should learn to operate. But even the lathe has its dangers and the student must be properly warned. The hand must never be put on a moving belt nor should large pieces be turned at the higher speeds.

Although I have already used, as I suppose, more space than I was expected to fill that I would not be doing justice to the topic if I did not add a short abbreviated list of possible turnings. About half the course is given to spindle turning and the rest to plank-wise turning. All of the exercise pieces are on spindle turning for this work consists in making the tools take a shearing cut and here is where close analysis and experience is required to prevent the tools from being led into the wood faster than the

operator desires. In plank-wise turning the tools are held mainly flat and horizontally, making them scrape, and thereby having no tendency to "run" or "bite". In spindle turning such articles as various forms of chisel, mallet, and gavel handles might be mentioned; foot-stool, chair, bench and table legs; the upright parts of candle sticks, table and floor lamps; odd shaped pieces like screw driver, and hammer handles, and square balusters might be mentioned. In plank-wise turning the bases for the candle sticks and lamps would be made. Trays, boxes, plates, bowls, etc., etc., are popular.

Finishing and polishing is closely connected with turning but I cannot speak of them here.

The best way to learn more about turning is to take a course in the subject.

* * * * *

The above is an article prepared by Mr. Johnson, setting forth in an excellent manner the chief points of interest concerning the fascinating art of wood turning. We take this opportunity of expressing to Mr. Johnson our gratitude for his labor in our behalf.

THE COMMERCIAL DESIGN CLASS.

Through the last part of April and the first few days of the present month the class in commercial design have been studying the kind of art work and the technical methods used in newspaper advertising. A practical problem worked out by the class was a series of three newspaper ads. to form an opening campaign for a fictitious new cereal. Two of the three designs evolved by each student were drawn up in sketch form, were sufficiently clear for an advertising agency to present to the prospective advertiser, and the third was elaborated into a careful and complete drawing such as would be used to make an engraving for newspaper insertion. A few of the designs show in their originality and technical excellence, an unusual understanding of the problems involved and ability to work them out.

The class in pattern making are turning out several patterns which will be moulded for use about the Institute. Mr. Hewitt's department has some work being done by this class in the form of a forge fire box, a gear bland and a wooden crown pulley. This work is very interesting and is enjoyek by all the members of the class.

Mr. Neill's department is doing work in lock-smithing and similar work such as making metal moulds which are to be used in this city for the manufacturing of dolls. They have received twenty-five rifles from the Rock Island Arsenal, some of the old type and some of the recent types.

WORK IN CARPENTRY.

The men of Camp Bradley who are in Mr. Hurff's charge have turned out a large amount of work and work of good quality. One of the first articles which each man turned out was a cuspidor for use in the gym.

Call Main 4002, THE HOLLY STUDIO, for private parties.

They turned out the bulletin boards for the Military Post and on those used on the barracks the painting is almost as good as could be done by any expert sign painter.

This class has made much of the other furnishings for the barracks in the line of post-office and mail boxes, a writing desk and tables. Then three hundred bed boxes were made for the soldiers' clothes. Almost five thousand feet of lumber was used in these boxes which is more than any manual training school could use in a year. Other articles for the gym. were hook strips, both flat and circular.

Twenty stools were made for Mr. Neill's department, which were as good or better than any on the market at a fair price. These were designed and made by the men. One of the most practical problems or at least the most helpful problem was a Red Cross table. This table was five by ten feet. The labor was donated and put to a very good cause. The ladies of the Red Cross were cutting up dozens of bolts of cloth each day for bandages on a common kitchen table. This table was arranged with a patent stretcher so they could cut much more and with much more ease.

They have furnished materials for nearly every department. For the electrical department they made one thousand feet of wire mould. For the instrument repair, they made drawing boards, benches, etc. They are going to put up the framework for a partition in Mr. Johnson's office and after the plastering is done, they will go ahead with the finish work.

From one to five men have recently been at work at Camp Herring, making benches, seats, coal boxes, etc. Then they have made a large refrigerator, twelve by twenty feet for the soldiers of East Peoria.

Several repair jobs have been done for the Bradley Estate, such as screens, columns, and column bases. Then Mr. Hurff has picked up several odd jobs about the town. One of the *odd* jobs is the making of 1,000 soles for doll babies.

They have planned to build from one-half to a dozen garages. They will also put a porch on the Practice House and are now making an inclosed entrance to the new garage in the South Manual Arts Building. They not only do the regular carpenter work but such work as excavating, painting and concrete work, such as any war-time carpentry would have to do.

Besides this work they have handled getting out stock orders from the other departments as has been done in the past. This was included some special moulds for the Seniors in furniture making work. All of this has been done by Mr. Hurff without the assistance of a paid helper. He has one or two good carpenters who help him and in this way gain the experience of foremaning a job.

All the work comes through an order from the office and the time is kept and a price set on the work and the material. It might be of interest to some to know how these men are selected for their work in the shops. Each man has a record card stating his past experience and it is only a matter of looking over these cards to find the man best qualified for the work on hand.

They have several good pictures of the men and also of some of their work but they regret that they are not able to publish them in war times so the work of these men can only be known through words.

Dick Bradley makes good clothes. 135 S. Jefferson Avenue.

MECHANICAL DRAWING.

Since the account printed in the April issue of the Tech was written, several events of possible interest to the students have transpired in this department.

One of the automobiles in Mr. Hewitt's department has for a considerable time been bereft of its timing gears, and in order to again have it in good condition steps have been taken in the making of a new set, the gears having already been designed and detailed. The pattern for the large gear is being made under Mr. Johnson's direction; and after being cast will, together with the two steel pinions, be finished by the soldiers in Mr. Raymond's department.

A flywheel for a gas engine has been designed and the pattern is now being made. A description of this gas engine will probably appear in some future issue of the Tech.

The drawing for a device to test spark plugs under pressure has been detailed, and the patterns will probably be made in order that experimental work will be done.

A floor scraper has been detailed from castings and ideas presented by Mr. Hurff. Two complete scrapers will be made, one to be sold and the other to use in the shop as regular equipment.

A morris chair has been detailed and work is being done on the tracings. The student who designed the chair will use the corresponding blue prints in Mr. Johnson's furniture class, and construct the article of furniture.

The plans for a double garage have been drawn up by one student, who has also detailed a fly wheel and set of gears for an air pump. The fly wheel size was determined by calculations from such governing factors as speed, horsepower, and regulation. In actual operation this device has proven quite satisfactory.

It will thus be seen that useful articles as well as theoretical designs are being turned out by this class.

WITH REGARD TO THE AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

The students will have the use of a new lead burning outfit, which has been purchased in order that better and more modern methods might be used in repairing the battery connections.

The night school students have completely overhauled the school Overland. One of the problems was the replacing of the original magneto with one of newer design.

Quite an amount of work has been done on the engine of the different cars in the shop. One of the difficult operations learned in this work was the replacing of the worn-out babbit bearings.

NOTES.

R. V. Schmid, formerly of Bradley, and a resident of Peoria, is again here in the city. Mr. Schmid expects to take up army work of some type and is now waiting his call from the government. Since leaving Bradley, he has taught art in the Vocational High School at Memphis, Tenn., and also attended the National Academy of Design, in New York City, as a student.



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GRAHAM BATTLES

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THE TECH is published by the students of Bradley Polytechnic Institute on or about the third Thursday of each month. All copy should be in the hands of the editors by the fifth of the month to insure publication. The subscription price is \$1.00 a year if paid before January 1st, and \$1.25 thereafter. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions should be paid to manager only.

NEW LIBRARY FUND STARTED

The way in which students have responded to the recent appeal for books and magazines with which to start a library for soldiers encamped at Bradley, has been very gratifying. A large collection of excellent books and magazines has been placed at the command of the men stationed here. It has become definitely known, however, that Camp Bradley is to continue throughout the summer and consequently a larger collection will be necessary. A new movement has been inaugurated to increase the collection of books and to provide magazines during the summer months when the students will not be here to donate them. Every student in school is asked to give something toward raising a fund with which to purchase three month magazine subscriptions.

The importance of this movement must not be underestimated. Bradley has assumed the responsibility of providing library

facilities for the soldiers and this is the only way we can hope to accomplish it. Treat this demand the same as the numerous others which you have already met. It will be a worthy and necessary contribution toward winning the war.

NEW ENLISTED TRAINING CORPS FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS.

For nearly a year there has been much public discussion of the proper function of colleges and of the duty of college students in the present emergency. Last July President Wilson said:

"It would seriously impair America's prospects of success in this war if the supply of highly trained men were unnecessarily diminished. There will be need for a larger number of persons expert in the various fields of applied science than ever before * * * * I therefore have no hesitation in urging colleges and technical schools to endeavor to maintain their courses as far as possible on the usual basis * * * * Those who fall below the age of selective conscription and who do not enlist may feel that by pursuing their courses with earnestness and diligence they also are preparing themselves for valuable services to the Nation."

The vital contribution of the colleges is now formally recognized in an announcement just issued by the Secretary of War. As a military measure the colleges of the country are by this announcement officially designated as training centers for the United States Army. The announcement follows:

"In order to provide military instruction for the college students of the country during the present emergency, a comprehensive plan will be put in effect by the War Department, beginning with the next college year, in September, 1918. The details remain to be worked out, but in general the plan will be as follows:

"Military instruction under officers and non-commissioned officers of the Army will be provided in every institution of college grade, which enrolls for the instruction one hundred or more able-bodied students over the age of eighteen. The necessary military equipment will, so far as possible, be provided by the Government. There will be created a military training unit in each institution. Enlistments will be purely voluntary but all students over the age of eighteen will be encouraged to enlist. The enlistment will constitute the student a member

of the Army of the United States, liable to active duty at the call of the President. It will, however, be the policy of the Government not to call the members of the training units to active duty until they have reached the age of twenty-one, unless urgent military necessity compels an earlier call. Students under eighteen and therefore not legally eligible for enlistment, will be encouraged to enroll in the training units. Provisions will be made for co-ordinating the Reserve Officers' Training Corps system, which exists in about one-third of the collegiate institutions with this broader plan.

"This new policy aims to accomplish a two-fold object: first to develop as a great military asset the large body of young men in the colleges; and second, to prevent unnecessary and wasteful depletion of the college strength through indiscriminate volunteering, by offering to the students a definite and immediate military status."

SPRING FEVER.

Yes, spring fever is an inflammation of the spinal chord which has the tendency to lessen will-power, diminish energy, and infuse a desire into the human body to lay down on a sunny hillside, where it may have a pleasant touch of the awakening spirit of spring and listen to the joyful twitter of song-birds. To students, this is a disease of the most acute nature—or to speak in the language of the learned (with due apology to my two years of Latin): "*Lazinae incurae studentiorum*," which is interpreted: "Incurable laziness of students" (*ae* stands for feminine). Its symptoms are various. On boys it expresses itself by almost invisible pin-feathers on the upper lip (I wonder if the editor-in-chief will cut this out), on girls in increased talkativeness, on Profs.—Gee, I am getting stuck—it's merely an excuse for marking us absent. It appears in a thousand forms, sometimes in extensive walks around the parks, sometimes in the shape of a poet. In the first place it is curable, but in the case of the poet, it becomes hopeless, and the patient is either taken to the hospital or to the— But in all cases it is a mischief most common and very pleasant to indulge in. Now, young man, if you feel as funny as this, you can be sure you have got it.



EXCHANGES

Edited by Leland Fleming.

"Good books," says Carlyle, "are those that in a high degree excite us to self activity." It is difficult to find a better standard for literary criticism. Even if the reading matter be but the short story of a local newspaper, its degree of effectiveness is measured by the dynamic qualities it is able to arouse in the reader. Some stories make us feel capable of undertaking herculean labors. We arise after reading them with a certain degree of satisfaction, our ideals have been raised, our strength augmented, and the joy of exercising our mental creative powers, the most delightful enjoyment within man's experience, impels us on a road hitherto unexplored and opens up new vistas for our imagination. Such short stories are good, not necessarily the best sellers, not even written by the most celebrated authors. But their authors are men who live a life full, who more keenly than others have felt its joys and sorrows. On the other hand, we find short stories that leave us cold, indifferent and without ambition. The writer has succeeded in creating characters, but failed to awaken life.

It is perhaps unfair to apply the same standard of criticism to stories appearing in a college magazine, but we believe that even their only excuse for existence is the elevating and ennobling sentiments that they awaken. The mind of the student is mainly passive and susceptible to influences from without, but even so the value of the story must be rated on the basis of the amount of self-activity it arouses in the reader.

The "Opinion" generally contains good literary material and in the March number we find a story which would possibly pass Carlyle's test. "The Cabin of Justice" is the name of this interesting story. Many of our other exchanges are publishing good stories. For instance, "Jan" in the Hedding Graphic is well told in the jolly, rollicking language of college students.

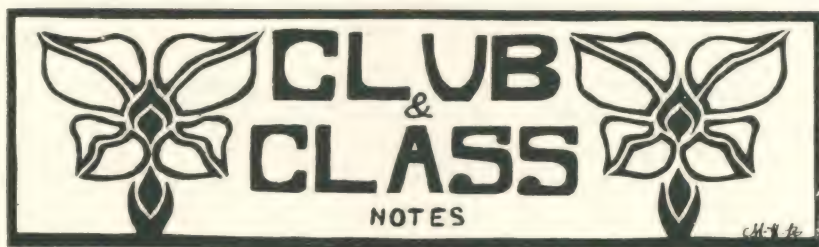
"Hear about the fellow who drank liquid veneer?"

"Yes, poor chap, but he never saw his finish."—*Ex.*

Here is what the "Blackburnian" thinks about The Tech:

"The Tech visits our exchange table regularly and it is a most welcome visitor. We find in it many things of interest. The stories are especially good. The editorials are worthy of praise, and jokes, which are always enjoyable, are much in evidence. We would compliment you on the uniqueness of your paper."

Horse sense is just the ability to say "neigh".—*Ex.*



Edited by Booth Williamson.

ARTS AND CRAFTS.

Friday, May third, Arts and Crafts held its regular meeting. At this time Mr. Hewitt, a well known architect of this city, gave a lecture on "Domestic Architecture" beautifully illustrated by a number of lantern slides. The talk was most instructive to all those interested in the architecture of the home.

Afterwards dancing and refreshments were enjoyed in the drawing room (not a place filled with Louis XIV upholstery, but where they draw pictures, you understand.)

We forgot to mention the fact that right after the lecture, pictures of some of our most notorious Bradley lights at odd moments were thrown on the screen to the edification of those assembled and to the mortification of the persons whose characters were thus mercilessly exposed.

This program was given by the boys in compliment to the girls and the latter intend to reciprocate sometime in the near future with a picnic.

CLASSICAL CLUB.

Owing to restrictive military operations in our gymnasium and the consequent inappropriateness of meeting in a barracks, several clubs have of late been at a loss to know where to hold their gatherings. They will have no need of complaint, however, if they are all as fortunate as Classical Club in finding a place of meeting.

It is most appropriate that a classical club have a classical setting and there was nothing more to be desired in this direction, at the last meeting held on April eighteenth, in the beautiful and spacious Hoagland home on Parkside Drive. Being called to order by the retiring president, Graham Battles, who made an appropriate speech filled with thankfulness to everybody, or so it seemed, the club elected a new staff (notice the military style) of officers in the following order: President, Jack Field; Vice-president, Marian Reeves; Secretary, Josephine Cowell; Treasurer, Wilhelmena Hoagland.

Music was furnished by the talented Hoagland orchestra, and good music it was too, classical or we are much mistaken in our guess.

A brief relation of some of the facts connected with the lives of several prominent Athenians was then given in preparation for the play which immediately followed and in which the wives of several of the aforementioned gentlemen of Athens took part. It was a play almost epic in the simplicity of its axiom and its dependence upon dialogue to convey the thought, but the members of the cast did most excellently in portraying the characters they were intended to represent. The play hinges about the tendency of Xantippe, wife of Socrates, to chafe under the restraints of the philosopher's

impractical nature and the single act is brought to a close with Xantippe berating the invisible Socrates before a number of ladies of high standing who don't seem in the least embarrassed. In this connection, the remark might be made for the benefit of those who may understand it, "Oh, Covey, shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering voice?"

Steel knitting needles and gorgeously variegated costumes lent spirit color to the occasion.

After the play there was more music, then refreshments and for those who so desired, dancing, and thus a very enjoyable evening was spent.

ENGLISH CLUB.

We would very much hate to hold up the example of a bad precedent before the newly elected members of English Club, and for that reason we purposely withhold the names of about a dozen people who were taken in at the last regular meeting on May sixth, because (oh, shameful revelation!) there wasn't even a quorum present to elect them. Business was carried on in the usual manner, however, because it was considered necessary. "Necessity knows no law." Now it has long been the custom for members desiring to absent themselves from meetings to present their excuses beforehand to the secretary, and on this occasion it seemed that the club, by almost unanimous consent, had decided to have itself excused, with the result of a strange mixture of valid and invalid regrets. The only reason that "I have married a wife, pray have me excused," was not offered as one of the reasons, was the fact that the only two male members of the club were present and on duty.

Miss Kersey, the other half of the program being absent, it fell to Lucile Cook to read the story from Harper's, chosen by Miss Kersey, and this she did, also reading a story of her own choosing from an American Magazine *and of an entirely different nature*. It being rather late when the reading was finished, no discussion took place and the meeting was adjourned.

Y. M. C. A.

This organization has elected its new officers for next year. They are: President, Howard Kelly; Vice-president, Harry Gordon; Secretary-Treasurer, Theodore Collier. They will no doubt see to it that the Y. M. C. A. is a live organization in 1919.

A movement for Christian World Democracy sounds like a big thing and *is*, in fact, but the Y. M. C. A. is in the field for the accomplishment of big things and so after having its small beginnings in Northfield, Mass., last fall, the movement has spread all over the country and to Bradley, where for the past four weeks (at the time of writing) the topics assigned for consideration have been dealt with most inspiringly from the chapel platform by Dr. Wyckoff. In the first talk of the series, Dr. Wyckoff emphasized the fact that our relations as nations as well as individuals must be Christianized before the ideal of Christian World Democracy can be realized.

In the second talk, it was shown that Christianity is not a set of rules, but a life and that the true spirit of Christ is one of sacrifice.

The topic for the third talk was "Some Universal Elements in Christianity" and the speaker emphasized the point that in the war, Christianity is not to be thought of as having failed but rather we are to understand that one or more nations has failed to carry out its principles.

The fourth subject was, "The Missionary Message of Christianity," restating the fact that Christianity is the embodiment of principles of service and self sacrifice. In reviewing these four all too brief addresses, and considering the interest with which they were received by the student body, we think that the Y. M. C. A. made a particularly happy choice in the selection of Dr. Wyckoff as the first speaker and looks forward to the topics which are to follow, with considerable interest.

FRENCH CLUB.

French Club met in the class-room, Monday, April 22nd, and all present took part in an interesting program. Each member had been given a slip with a lot of French words inscribed thereon and was told to read the same when his name was called, which was done with more or less success by each in his proper place at the right time. Being warned beforehand that these were jokes, all were prepared to laugh when the time came and did so with true French politeness. There is yet a suspicion, however, that some of said jokes remain unfinished mysteries, even to those whose duty it was to propound them.

The club was then given the opportunity of indulging in several French epigrams and phonetic tongue-twisters, a performance much enjoyed and undertaken with considerably more success than the previous item.

After this, an hour or so was spent in playing a French game, which aroused much interest, and the meeting adjourned.

OUT OF TOWN GIRLS' CLUB.

The Senior P. D. girls entertained the Juniors and faculty women Friday evening, April 19th, at the Practice House. The Senior girls, well acquainted with the Practice House, acted as hostesses. The main feature of the evening were moving pictures, written and acted out by the Seniors. One a comedy "Cordelia Catches Cold," was received hilariously; the other a tragedy, "What Happened to Cindy Nellie Jones' Sister's Second Husband's Son's Wife," drew forth the expected and desired tears of the audience. A short business meeting followed the plays, in which the officers for next year were installed and games followed. The Junior's acquaintance with the Seniors was tested by making them guess the Seniors' profiles. A tour of inspection of and introduction to the house, led by the older class, came next, with anecdotes of the weeks of cooking and waiting and entertaining.

One of the most enjoyable features of the evening was music by the Victrola, thro the kindness of Miss Day. When a couple of flashlights had been taken of the group, the girls adjourned after a few familiar songs dear to all out of town girls.



Domestic Science Notes

Edited by Emily Bennett and Grace Ainslie.

"WHEAT CONSERVATION IN BREAD MAKING."

"Food is ammunition" and "Food will win the war," we read on posters on every side, yet many people make remarks that indicate their lack of understanding why and how these statements can come true. During the past year, the food commission has requested the people to perform many before unheard of schemes to conserve certain foods. The emphasis has always rested on wheat conserving.

Wheat must be saved to send to our allies and our army over there. In the first place, bread is a necessity in all lands, more so in Europe than in America, because of their lack of variety in foods. Then in Europe commercial bread is used more extensively than here, and for this wheat flour is essential in part.

The present agricultural situation shows that the allies, in their war-harrowed condition, have produced only four hundred million bushels of wheat, which is but two-thirds of their normal crop. This failure to raise grain is occasioned by the absence of the fighting men, the fields torn by trenches and shell holes, and by crop failures. The allies need six hundred million bushels of wheat for their bare existence. From what source is this wheat for Europe coming?

Facts show that the United States and Canada are the only plausible sources of this needed wheat. From the combined crops of eight hundred million bushels, lower this year because of insects and cold weather, the export balance is but two hundred million bushels. Now three hundred fifty million bushels are yet needed. Indeed India and Australia have a large surplus (Argentina failed), but transportation is so hazardous as to make it impractical to attempt such long voyages.

Using less wheat and more of other grains will not be a sacrifice to us, because the United States yields many equally nutritious grains. Their use is now enforced, as Mr. Hoover ruled that equal amounts of these substitutes must be purchased with wheat flour. Everyone should know American cereals and understand their uses.

Naturally, we ask why these substitutes, like corn, should not be sent abroad. Corn ships poorly and is not known in Europe; furthermore, it must be made into home-made breads. Shall we ask the women allies to add to their burden of doing men's work and home work also, the task of bread-making?

In considering substitutes, we first turn to corn, because it is a native plant of this continent, well-known to our American people. Corn nourished our forefathers through the Revolution and the War of 1812, and it

now stands at our service. Our 1918 crop is over three billion bushels, exceeding the 1917 crop by one-half billion bushels.

Next in importance to corn, we find that oats are available in large quantities and useful in bread-making. Rye contains gluten and can be used without wheat. Barley, rice, buckwheat, kaffir and potato flour give satisfying results, when combined with a little wheat flour. Besides cereal flours, vegetables and cereals cooked and in the whole grain take the place of wheat flour. Potatoes, squash, pumpkin, and beans are helping to solve the problem. The American people are searching their grandmothers' cook books for such recipes and the government experimental bulletins are supplying us with a wealth of discoveries.

In the proportion in yeast bread and quick bread making, there are certain definite rules to be followed for successful results. To leaven the mixture, the protein gluten in wheat flour is essential, as it is tough and elastic, and as it expands to form cells to hold the gas. This gluten is a characteristic, distinguishing wheat from other cereals, and it is resembled only by a like substance in rye. Therefore, all bread light in texture must contain at least one-fourth wheat flour. In quick breads, from two-thirds to the entire quantity of substitute flour proves satisfactory, and a little more of the leavening agent will be needed.

The methods of mixing and baking Liberty breads differ markedly from the recipes we formerly followed. If flours are used they must be worked in as ordinarily. Mashed vegetable or cooked cereals are generally added with the liquid, to be mixed and kneaded as usual. Whole grains and corn meal are thought to produce a moist loaf if they are soaked in hot liquid, and gradually cooled during a period of one-half hour or longer. Some of these dough mixtures are soft and sticky, but with careful manipulation, they rise well. Some experts prefer a long process to insure the lightness of the bread, despite the heavier flour. This process consists of adding the flour at two intervals and allowing one extra rising before baking. Baking of Liberty breads requires a lower oven temperature to allow a longer period for the bread to rise after it is placed in the oven. On the whole, the short process with which house-keepers are already familiar, and the few requirements given above, will produce a good loaf.

Wheat and most of the substitutes have an equal caloric value with the exception of oats, which yields two hundred more calories per pound. Then, too, whole grain flours furnish more bulk to food essential in peristalsis. They are well digested and absorbed and form a pleasing variety in our meals.

At present, seven-tenths of our heat units in the United States are furnished by wheat alone. If we could decrease our per capita use of wheat two and one-half ounces per day, we would be able to share in supplying the needs of our allies. When we think of this small sacrifice for us, as compared to the vast hardships of our allies and our soldiers over there, how can we hesitate?

—*Esther Thompson.*



Edited by Mary Beeman.

1900

John R. Dexter, now a prominent business man at Ardmore, Okla., visited the Institute April 1st. He has been for some years engaged in farm loans and recently has purchased some oil producing property. Dexter was one of the students at Bradley its first year.

This class mourns the loss by death of one of its best members, Clarence C. Leffingwell. Mr. Leffingwell has been for some years with the George Batten Advertising Co., New York, and resided in Hackensack, N. J. Mrs. Leffingwell (Marguerite Crowfoot) has recently taken a position in the local high school where her excellent qualities as a teacher will be highly valued.

1902

Frank W. Bennett entered Western Reserve University at Cleveland to work for the master's degree in Modern Language, but within a few weeks received a request to accept a position at Lake Forest, where he is now master of Latin in the Academy. He also has charge of Dramatics.

William C. Brubaker is connected with the new Pullman School of Manual Training, which has an endowment of over \$3,000,000. He has been giving a course in operative engineering and electric construction. He manages a co-operative plan whereby the boys work one year in the school and the next year in the Pullman car works. Brubaker was for eight years connected with the Pullman works at the time when they were developing the steel passenger car.

1903

Montgomery Rice writes from Camp 4, Astoria, Ore. He enlisted in the U. S. service and was made first lieutenant. He was stationed for a time at San Francisco and recently has been detailed for temporary service with the signal corps at Vancouver, Wash. He is in charge of the troops on Youngs River in Western Oregon. These troops are constructing a logging railroad to reach special spruce trees for the construction of aeroplanes. His command lives in the woods under canvas.

His brother Willis, who was a student at Bradley, 1905, has been commissioned first lieutenant in the ordnance department.

Edward F. Stock writes that war conditions have made the freight business very strenuous, especially since there is a shortage of help. Mr. Stock was asked to open a commercial traffic office to look after traffic matters for Peoria firms, but decided that his efforts would be of more value by remaining with the railway for the present. He is still interested in amateur baseball and rendering a good service. He is president of a local league.

Victor J. West is leading a busy life at Stanford University since he has been placed upon very important faculty committees in addition to his regular teaching work. He has recently published a volume in collaboration with the Professor of History, entitled, "The Foreign Policy of Woodrow Wilson." This is a fine contribution to recent war literature. Mr. West has just been promoted to Associate Professor.

1905

Fred Bourland has for the past four years been manager of the Central National Bank Building, and at the same time has been looking after a farm loan business.

Janet Cation has at the present time a war emergency position. She is connected with the Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa, but has been detailed to act as one of the state leaders of home demonstration agents. She has charge of the work along the line of clothing conservation. This work takes her to every part of the state.

1906

Byron M. Fast has severed his connection with the Electric Power Co. of Clearfield, Penn., after six years service. He has taken a position with the Pennsylvania Colliers at Johnstown, Penn., as vice president and general manager of their coal operations. He has six mines to look after with a pay roll of \$300,000.

Mrs. Irene Phillips Heitz is now living at 2802 26th Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Maude Goldsmith writes from El Paso, Texas, where she has been teaching for several years. She has recently been appointed to the faculty of the College of the City of El Paso, where she teaches Primary Art and Pedagogy. She intends to spend the summer at Long Beach, California.

Mrs. Lelia Wright Strachan has moved to Buffalo, N. Y., where her husband, an expert chemist formerly connected with the University of Minnesota, is working with the National Aniline Chemical Co. He is engaged in research work in regard to coal tar dyes and by-products.

1907

Edna Feltges is teaching Mathematics this year in the Westport High School. This is one of the fine high schools of Kansas City, Mo. She is going to work this summer at the U. of Chicago. Last summer she spent at Chautauqua, N. Y.¹

Grace E. Hauk is on a ranch in Colorado. Her address is Druce. Her brother Zarah was in the quartermaster's department and for a short time was under Capt. Bill Dewey. Ralph Eaton, her cousin, has also joined the army. All of these are former Bradley students and are now in France.

Alma E. Nalson is teaching in the Junior High School, Hibbing, Minn.

Rose Woolner was married in September to Joseph Mandelstam. They are now living in Detroit, Mich.

1908

Ben Beecher is a lieutenant, now located at Atlanta, Ga. He is expecting soon to be transferred to France.

Sidney Easton enlisted in the Medical Reserves in August and sailed for Europe. He was assigned to a base hospital at Manchester and later transferred to Edinburgh War Hospital. He is doing orthopedic surgery. Expects to be called to France to serve with the American forces there.

George C. Mahle is prospering as secretary-treasurer of the Sugar Creek Creamery Co. He is located at Danville, Ill. The company has eight creameries, and in the past five years, the time he has been connected with the organization, the business has increased seven times.

Ellen A. Muir graduated in April from the U. of Chicago. She made a fine record there. Her grades were such as would entitle her to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa and she was given honors in the Latin department.

Mary E. Williams is teaching at Richmond, Ind. She recently put in a course in clay modeling and book binding and has equipped nine shops and three kitchens.

Olive Balcke is teaching Domestic Economy in the high school at Atlantic City, N. J.

Bertha Baughman, now Mrs. C. F. Allen, is living in Little Rock, Ark.

Hugh Cooper is using his medical skill in the army hospital, Buffalo, New York.

Lucius Fritze, city chemist, Moline, is now serving as chemist in the U. S. army.

Edward N. Munns, Director of the Converse Experiment Station, Redlands, Calif., has been called to Washington to assist in the selection of woods for aeroplane service.

Margaret E. Waters is an instructor in Home Economics at the U. of Wisconsin.

Robert C. Craig has leave of absence this year and is graduating from Columbia University.

1909

Harold E. Everley graduated from the two-year course in 1909 and from the four year course in 1916. He has had a unique experience in South America, where for the past year he has been traveling through the different states investigating the opportunities for the sale of furniture made by U. S. firms. He has recently printed a report of his investigations in Colombia through a U. S. government bulletin.

Augusto Hidalgo has written recently from the Philippines where he taught for a time and is now engaged in business.

1910

Charles A. Atwood is farming at long distance. He has been called to Champaign to assist in reorganizing some important county farm work. At the same time he directs his home farm at Alta.

Harry J. Klotz has been appointed instructor in aeroplane engines at the U. S. Army School of Military Aeronautics, U. of Illinois.

Frank Gooding is department editor of "Factory", a magazine published by A. W. Shaw Co., Chicago. He has changed his address to 916 Lakeside Place.

Gordon Kellar has enlisted and is in Dallas, Texas, aviation division.

Myra King was married in the fall to Walter Whitson of the Peoria Associated Charities.

Grace E. Wead is taking a course in public speaking at Columbia School of Oratory.

Louella K. Fauble is dietitian at the post-graduate hospital, Chicago, Illinois.

1911

Loring Bunn has been made second lieutenant and assigned to Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill. When the military school for mechanics was established at Bradley Institute he was one of the five officers assigned for service at Bradley.

William C. Giessler is in France, member of Co. A, 16th Engineers.

John H. Kuhl, Jr., has enlisted from California and has just been transferred to France.

Fred H. Maurer is in France serving in the medical corps.

Roger Schenck has been appointed a first lieutenant and is at Camp Grant. He was married in December to Grace Maple.

Pauline Thomason is teaching in Quincy, Ill. She is captain of the Girl Scouts and under her direction they are going to raise corn on three vacant city lots.

Arthur F. Payne is supervisor of Industrial Arts at Johnstown, Pa. He has forty-two teachers under his direction.

Charles B. Price came back to Bradley and graduated with the B. S. degree in 1916 and is now supervisor at Blue Island, Ill.

1912

Janet Buswell is teaching this year at Orange City, Iowa.

Bruce Dwinell is now a sergeant at Camp Dodge, Iowa.

Harry Strauch writes from "somewhere in France". He is a first lieutenant in the aviation section, signal corps, and has been in France for six months.

Hazel Bullock is directing work in Home Economics and Hygiene in Caroline County, Maryland.

Emma F. Fecht was given leave of absence at Kansas State Agricultural College and attended Columbia University for the first half of the year.

Harry W. Kirn expects to enlist this coming summer. Last summer he spent at the U. of Wisconsin.

Ina M. Kyle was married recently to Edward H. Olsen, who is with the Clark-Smith Hardware Co., Peoria.

Nina McFarland will receive the B. S. degree in June at Teachers College.

Harold Porter has resigned his position as teacher in the Vocational School at Fort Wayne, Ind., and become the proprietor of a cabinet works.

Carolyn F. Wetzel is engaged in home demonstration work with headquarters at Hackensack, N. J. There is good evidence of her success in the fact that her salary was raised \$300 recently. She is at the same time taking a course in public speaking at Columbia University.

Helen M. Worth is still teaching Art in Portland, Ore. She was married recently, but her husband has been called to the service. She has started a class in commercial art in the high school.

1913

Janet Case is teaching this year in Roann, Indiana.

Elizabeth Gerhard spent the summer of 1917 at Chautauqua, N. Y. She is now connected with Purdue U. in the extension department. She travels over the state of Indiana giving lectures and demonstrations in home economics.

Loa Foster has a good position in Domestic Economy at Aurora, Minn. Quite a number of her students are Austrians.

Alma Manock has taught for the past four years at Albuquerque, N. M., but has been obliged to leave there on account of illness and is now in Los Angeles, Calif.

Richard Graner will graduate in June from the U. of Wisconsin, where he has been specializing in Political Economy. He has enlisted in the naval reserves.

Geraldine Hadley is now in her second year in Technical High School, Indianapolis, and is head of the department of Foods and Cookery as well as director of the high school lunch room. About 1,500 students use the lunch room each day.

DeGloria Hudson is connected with the St. Louis Provident Association. She is assistant supervisor of service and relief.

Helen C. Roche has been teaching for the past two years at Emmetsburg, Iowa.

Edward Root has been advanced to a high school position in Springfield, Ohio.

Marcus Schlieper was married last June. He has left Fort Dodge, Iowa, and taken a position in a new junior high school at Mitchell, S. D.

Charlotte Secretan has leave of absence this year from her position in the Peoria public schools.

Cora Staedeli has resigned her teaching position and is taking a business course.

Charles Mulford has enlisted and is connected with the quartermaster's department, Jacksonville, Fla.

Theodora Parker has become Mrs. Arthur Mahle, with residence at St. Louis, Mo.

Elmer Seaburg is an interne in Ravenswood Hospital, Chicago.

Cleo Jennings recently married Theodore Posey. Their residence is in Springfield, Ill.

Harry A. Vestal has become supervisor of manual training at Chicago Heights, Ill.

1914

Leota Adams will graduate in June from the U. of Illinois.

Helen Brockelbrink writes from St. Louis, Mo. She has been teaching Domestic Science in the public schools.

Christian Brockelbrink has been teaching since graduation at Springfield, Ill., and in October became a member of the motor division of the ordnance department. He is stationed at Washington, D. C.

Mary Booth is teaching in the high school at Williams Bay, Wis.

Elizabeth Bourne is taking the nurse's training at the Methodist Hospital, Peoria.

Elizabeth Bray has been teaching since her graduation at Evansville, Ind. Her work is changed now to Domestic Science instead of Sewing and she has charge of the Women's Vocational Classes in the evening school.

Freda Carlson is teaching Home Economics at Barnum, Minn.

George Chandler has left his teaching position at Rochester, Minn., and joined the army. He is first lieutenant in the engineering branch of the aviation division and is just now stationed at Boston Tech.

Edwin Fey has resigned his position at Cuero, Texas, to join the army.

Hugh McDonald is an interne in the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago. He has finished his medical course except for this required year of internship. He is registered in the Army Medical Reserve.

Helen Monroe is a nurse at Riverside, Ill.

Elsie Reed is teaching this year in the junior high school at Superior, Wis.

Gertrude Smith graduated with very high honors, including Phi Beta Kappa, at the U. of Chicago and was immediately given a position as secretary to Dr. Schorey, head of the Greek department. She has also been teaching two courses in the Greek department and working toward the doctor's degree.

George A. Todd has gone to California and is at the head of the carpentry department in the State Polytechnic School at San Louis Obispo.

Paul T. Welles is teaching Manual Training and Science at Yerington, Nevada. He was married last summer.

Mary J. Williams is teaching at Bedford, Ind. This is her fourth year.

Iva Zeigler is in Chicago, a Red Cross dietitian. She is just now at the Grant Hospital.

John E. Walsh has been connected with the Hoppin Engineering Co. of Peoria, but when Camp Bradley was established, became an instructor in electricity.

Mabel Dingeldine is teaching in Benson, Ill.

Bruce Lackland was married last month to Mildred Hancock and will now be connected with the Holt Mfg. Co. as inspector in machine shop.

1915

Howard Annis has a good position in Manual Training at Rockford, Ill.

Howard G. Bennett, after securing the A. B. degree at Harvard, *magna cum laude* in music, is enjoying this year the Sheldon Traveling Fellowship, which would naturally take him to Paris, but war conditions render this impossible and he is allowed to use it in this country. He is studying with Clarence Adler and Rubin Goldmark in New York City.

Susannah Bishop is head librarian in the Carnegie free public library at Owensboro, Ky.

George Cleaveland is with the engineering division of the army in France.

Georgia Doty is teaching in the Petersburg, Ind., High School. She expects to attend the Indiana State University this fall.

Mary Burgess is completing work for a degree at the U. of Chicago.

Jessie Cardiff, who is teaching at Kirkwood, Ill., took a tour of the west last summer with Mary McDonald, 1912.

Bessie Gedney is teaching in East St. Louis and also is doing some food demonstration work.

Anna Gibbons is teaching at Montello, Wis.

Elda Greve is teaching Domestic Art at Beardstown, Ill., and she is taking a correspondence course at the same time.

Edna Kellum, who has continued her teaching work at Mooresville, Ind., is director of girls' clubs under the Supervision of Purdue University. She expects to attend Wisconsin U. this summer.

Charles Lagemann has left a good position at Cincinnati to take charge of the Manual Training Department in the Lafayette High School, St. Joseph, Mo.

Anna Martens, who is teaching in the Peoria Public Schools, attended State Normal last summer.

Bertha Pennington has a fine position in the high school at Akron, Ohio.

Wilma Robi has been teaching in Grover Cleveland night school, St. Louis, and doing substitute work in the day time. She is still connected with the Third National Bank and recently has been selling Liberty bonds.

Ruth Reed, graduate of Knox College, is teaching Latin and German in the Chillicothe High School.

Frederick Schauss expects to leave his position at Butte, Mont., at the end of the year and join the army. He will be in the aviation division and hopes soon to be in France.

Lelia Taylor is teaching at Boonville, Ind. The sewing classes have given their time largely to Red Cross work. They have been making rag doll corn testers to be used by the farmers and high school boys.

Grace Walkup taught until March, when she reported at Purdue University for government work. She is now emergency home demonstration agent of Whitley County, Ind.

Robert Woellner has a fine teaching position in the State Normal School at Buffalo, N. Y.

Catherine Coffin has become Mrs. Charles H. Smart (1915). They are living at Devil's Lake, S. D.

Another marriage in the class of 1915 was that of Joseph A. Smith and Bessie L. Lewis. They reside at Piqua, Ohio.

Ruth McMeen is teaching this year at Orleans, Neb.

Mary Records is teaching at Blue Springs, Mo.

Ellis Shanks has a fine position at Technical High School, Atlanta, Ga.

Two other weddings are to be noted: Annette Seeling is now Mrs. Emil J. Anderle, Dayton, Ohio. Lenora S. Winn married R. S. Wallace, 1916.

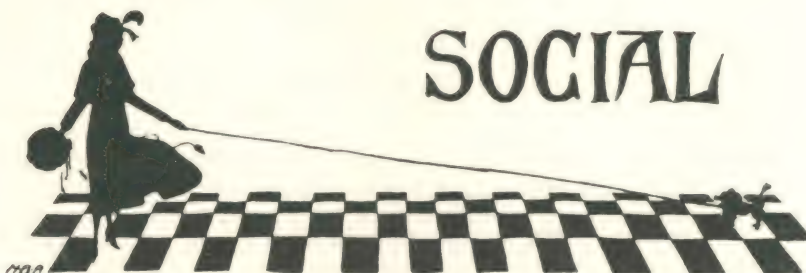
A number of the members of the class of 1915 have joined the army: Drew Castle, George Cleaveland, Lynn Covey, George Ditewig, Abe DuBoff, George Heinrich, Amandus Jordon, James Patten, Herbert Schilling, Fred Schaus, Wm. Schoenike, Herbert Schilling, Donald Weese, Robert Woellner. Clifton Turner and Proctor Waldo are registered in the naval reserve.

Walk-Over Shoes

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

ALBERS WALK-OVER SHOE SHOP

107 SOUTH ADAMS STREET



Edited by Gertrude Hoagland.

Miss Louise Chandler was hostess at dinner for the Delta Kappa sorority at their Annual Founder's Day banquet, Wednesday, April 17th. The occasion, always festive, was made more so by the announcement of the engagement of Telma Poppen to James W. Wherry, of Henry, Illinois. Pink ribbons led to a centerpiece of pink and white sweet peas in which the announcement cards were carefully concealed. The tables were decorated in the sorority colors. Miss Verneice Goodrich cleverly distinguished herself as toastmistress while Miss Louise Chandler proved herself a poetess of no mean ability. Letters for the occasion, written by the absent alumnae were read. Covers were laid for: Misses Ida Iben, Evelyn Mendell, Ruth Drysdale, Mary Misner, Bernadette Ryan, Miriam Horwitz, Berneice Boblett, Frances Wood, Josephine Miles, Verniece Goodrich, Lois Wysong, Telma Poppen, Louise Chandler, Mildred McCoy, Janice Gillen, and Anne Sutton.

On Friday, April 19th, the Sigma Phi fraternity entertained with a theatre party at the Orpheum. After the performance the party enjoyed light refreshments at the home of Ed. Jacquin on Barker Avenue. Those present were: Howard Kelly, Orwood Campbell, John Weston, Robert Lackland, Ralph Rogers, Castle Zartman, Donald Murphy, John Sheehan, Oliver Williams, John Williams, C. A. Stewart, Gus Kupper, and Floyd Moore.

Lambda Phi announces the pledging of Miss Gladys Glasgow, which took place at a tea given at the home of Miss Ahna Wieting, Saturday afternoon, April 20th. Those present were: Doris Peterson, Ahna Wieting, Gladys Glasgow, Marjorie Fell, Sarah Chase, Moselle Kinch, Marian Hadfield, and Gladys Hanna.

Miss Ida Iben entertained the active chapter of the Delta Kappa sorority with a knitting party, Saturday afternoon, April 20th, at which Miss Adeline Wyatt was pledged.

The Bradley Senior class of 1918 entertained the Juniors at the annual stunt in the chapel of Bradley Hall, Saturday evening, April 20th. The first part of the entertainment was vaudeville given by the Seniors. Some of the girls amused the audience with unique songs and dances. Miss Nina Keith gave a few short recitations in her dainty way. Mr. Thurston Owens charmed the audience with his clarinet solo, with Robert Lackland as the accompanist, and Fred Dammann told original jokes in negro dialect.

The audience enjoyed the program immensely, after which the front rows of chairs were moved to the sides of the room and the Seniors and their guests danced to the strains of Hoffman's orchestra.

The regular business meeting of the Delta Kappa sorority was held at the home of Miss Anne Sutton, Wednesday, April 24th.

Mrs. N. Jacquin gave a surprise party, Friday evening, April 26th, for her son Edwin, who was to leave Peoria in a few days. The evening was spent in playing wink and dancing. Dainty refreshments were served. Those present were: Mrs. Homer Jacquin, Misses Gladys Hanna, Lenarie Norton, Marian Hadfield, Marjorie Fell, Janice Gillen, Maud Berger, Ruth Drysdale, Grace Hoagland, and Helen Tinen. Messrs. Robert Lackland, Orwood Campbell, Castle Zartman, John Sheehan, Walter Brunswick, Graham Battles, Ralph Rogers, Donald Murphy, Edwin Jacquin, Gus Kupper, and Carl Griesser.

The misses Blossom, Luce, and Bell entertained the members of the Women's Administrative Council, at the Jefferson Hotel, Saturday, April 27th. The affair was a dainty breakfast and a short business meeting followed it. This was the last meeting of the year. The guests included: Misses Grace Hoagland, Mabel Kersey, Lucille Cook, Abigail Dunn, Gertrude Sehm, Helen Ormsby, Josephine Cowell, Grace Ainslee, Eunice Daly, Dorothy Bonsteel, Gladys Leffler, and Olga Godel.

The Alpha Pi fraternity entertained with a dinner at the Kickapoo Club, Saturday evening, April 27th. Dancing and card playing were the chief amusements. Later in the evening ginger ale was served to the young people. The members and guests included: Misses Georgie Blackmon, Clara Colean, Clarissa Wiggins, Helen Wilson, Muriel Morgan, Frances Beecher, and Maud Berger. Messrs. Linn Covey, Maynard Stureman, David Dunlop, Dean Battles, Graham Battles, Jay Covey, and Reginald Packard.

Misses Ahna Wieting and Roberta Miles gave a subscription dance at Bradley Park, Saturday evening, April 27th. The dance was a wonderful success.

Miss Ruth Drysdale entertained the Delta Kappa Sorority with a knitting party, April 28th. Light refreshments were served. The guests included: Misses Ida Iben, Evelyn Wendell, Mary Misner, Bernadette Ryan, Miriam Horwitz, Berniece Boblett, Frances Wood, Josephine Miles, Verniece Goodrich, Lois Wysong, Telma Poppen, Louise Chandler, Mildred McCoy, Janice Gillen, and Anne Sutton.

On Tuesday, May 30th, the Lambda Phi sorority held a meeting at the home of Miss Moselle Kinch, on Knoxville Avenue. Refreshments were served after the meeting.

The faculty of Bradley Institute were hosts Friday night, May 3rd, entertaining in honor of the officers stationed at Camp Bradley. The party was held in the corridor of Bradley Hall, which had been converted into a veritable living room for the occasion. Turkish rugs, tall oriental lamps and easy chairs were arranged throughout the hallway. In the receiving line which was there to welcome the guests were Miss Mary Bates Blossom, Dr. T. C. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Siepert and Capt. Philip Leffel, commander. The program which was given for the entertainment of the guests included a group of vocal solos by Mrs. Mary Hansel Brown, who was accompanied on the piano by Miss Edith Mowat, and a chalk talk by Walter B. Humphrey. Mr. Humphrey's talk was interspersed by comic songs by Mrs. Humphrey. Then as a finale Dr. C. T. Wyckoff led the host and guests in the singing of a number of popular songs.

The committee in charge of the affair consisted of Mrs. Albert Siepert, Mrs. F. G. Elwood, Mrs. J. S. Bickle, Mrs. Walter B. Humphrey and Mrs. Walter B. Martin. The officer guests were: Captain Leffel, Lieutenant McLaughlin, Lieutenant Sprague, Lieutenant Jarman, Lieutenant Loring T. Bunn, and Lieutenant Murphy.

An interesting party which took place Friday evening, May 3rd, was the Bradley inter-sorority stunt, given at the home of Misses Gertrude and Grace Hoagland on Parkside Drive. The three sororities represented were Lambda Phi, Omicron Tri Kappa, and Delta Kappa. The guests staged a number of original vaudeville sketches during the evening and after light refreshments, adjourned to the entertainment room on the lower floor for dancing. Those present were: Misses Grace Hayward, Rose Seitz, Clare Bell, Marjorie Fell, Clarissa Wiggins, Ida Iben, Marian Hadfield, Florence Zimmermann, Louise Chandler, Lois Wyson, Gladys Hanna, Frances Beecher, Adeline Wyatt, Ahna Wieting, Lucille Cook, Geraldine Mars, Sarah Chase, Margaret Cook (Fairbury, Ill.), Mary Misner, Mildred McCoy, Anne Sutton, Moselle Kinch, Evelyn Wendell, Gladys Glasgow, Clara Lintner, (Petersburg, Ill.), Ruth Drysdale, Gertrude Sehm, Grace Hoagland, and Gertrude Hoagland.

Miss Clara Lintner, of Petersburg, Illinois, was a guest of Miss Anne Sutton over the week end of May 3rd, 4th and 5th.

Miss Lucille Cook had as her guest over the same week-end, Miss Margaret Cook, of Fairbury, Illinois.

The first "steak fry" of the season took place on Friday evening, May 3d, when a number of Academy seniors at Bradley Institute motored out to Gordon's farm, some fourteen miles out on the State Road, and cooked their own meal. Afterwards the party came back to the city and enjoyed the performance at the Apollo. Those attending were: Misses Muriel Morgan, Alma Goodrich, Clara Colean, Lucile Johnson, Miriam Bass, Helen Tinan, Ruth Whalen, Eunice Daly, Helen Wilson, Margaret Wallace, Lennarie Norton, Gretchen Hulsibus; Messrs. Graham Battles, John Lee,

Maynard Stureman, Harold Vonachen, Dean Battles, Henry Wittick, Howard Reinhart, Clarence Wynd, Al Sommer, Harry Gordon, Ed Sommer, Dwight Ernst, Don Hayward, and John Taylor.

Saturday, May 4th, a number of the Senior girls entertained with a spread at the home of Florence Coale, in honor of Mabel Kersey's birthday. The affair was a surprise party. The table was decorated with a center piece of red, white and blue flowers. Stunts by candle-light and music followed the spread. Those present were: Misses Comfort, Mabel Kersey, Ulla Graner, Pauline Pollard, Vera McClellan, Olga Godel, Florence Coale, and Emily Bennett.

The Sigma Phi fraternity held their monthly luncheon at Block & Kuhl's Saturday evening, May 4th. Those attending were: Dr. Wyckoff, Orwood Campbell, John Weston, Robert Lackland, Ralph Rogers, Castle Zartman, Donald Murphy, John Sheehan, Walter Brunswick, Jim Williams, Howard Riley, Langton Paul, John Williams, C. A. Stewart, and Gus Kupper.

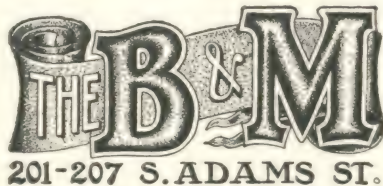
Howard Kelly and Laughton Paul were formally initiated into Sigma Phi, Monday, May 6, 1918.

The Omicron Tri Kappa held a business meeting at the home of Miss Grace Hoagland, on Parkside Drive, Tuesday, May 7th.

Our Young Men's Clothes Shop

Comes forward with the newest ideas in Summer wear.

Young fellows who like to be right up on their toes in the new togs for late Spring and Summer wear will like some of the snappy two-piece and light summer suits we are now displaying on our Second Floor Young Men's Clothes Shop. For sport wear, golfing, boating, tennis and just cool outing clothing call in this department and you can easily be outfitted. A complete showing of separate light trousers, palm beach suits and newest shapes in straws as well as fanciful and colorful neckwear and shirts for Summer.



ATHLETICS



Editor Dean Battles

ATHLETIC DIRECTORY.

<i>Captain</i>	<i>Sport</i>	<i>Manager</i>
E. Doubet	Football	Harry Brady
H. Vonachen	Basketball	Philip Becker
E. Doubet	Baseball	C. Salzenstein
Not chosen	Track	Dean Battles
None	Inter-Mural	Herbert White
None	Tennis	Donald Murphy

ATHLETIC BOARD OF CONTROL.

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 Fred C. Brown
 Verne F. Swain

Student Body.

Lower Academy, Robt. McCormick
 Higher Academy, Vacant
 College, F. Becker
 Girls A. A., R. Hayward

Horological, Vacant

Alumni

Edward F. Stock

BASEBALL.

So far this year most of the interest in baseball has been directed to the baseball league. The league has been all that it was hoped to be and even a little bit better. During the league games there have been fellows out who would not have been out otherwise, and this has given Coach Brown a better chance to pick a winning team to send to Charleston.

During the past week there has been regular varsity practice and the team is rapidly rounding into its best form. In the tournament at Charleston our men will be given a chance to show what they have in them. They have been working hard and we feel sure that they will win the first place in the tournament.

On the sixth of May the team was out practicing as usual and on this particular night it was raining very hard. It is this kind of thing that makes a real man. On pleasant nights, the students could give some encouragement to the team by coming out and giving a few minutes of their time watching them practice.

INTERCOLLEGIATE TRACK MEET.

As was said in the last month's issue, there will be a tennis meet in connection with the track meet this year. There will also be a golf tournament at the same time.

As has been shown by the tennis tournament this year and the one last year we will have a good team to put up against the other teams and have a good chance of coming out on top.

The golf tournament is an entirely new feature, but judging from the large number of lovers of the game at Bradley it should be regarded as a very attractive feature. Our little friend Shorty Salzenstein is a cracking good little player and will in all probability place in the meet. Another good man is Bob McCormick, who is hitting it up in great shape.

In the track meet itself we expect to place, and we hope that our place will be first place. At present there are about twenty men out working hard every afternoon and with the excellent coaching of Mr. Martin it is the expectation of all that we will put up a good fight.

In the field events we have the new but very good man Hartman, who is throwing the javelin and in all probability will win a place in the meet. Then there is Sandstrom, who is a first-class pole vaulter and is going over the bar at a good height.

In the track events we have Al and Ed Sommers, the twins who are doing their best to beat one another. They are both working hard and will, as Al says, run until they cannot run any longer, and that will be some time. Then we have the Wittick brothers, who are hitting it off in great shape. Bob Lackland has finally consented to run the high hurdles and is doing himself proud on them.

The military drill work is going on with the same precision which has been characteristic of it during the whole quarter. We have been working on platoon drill for the past two weeks and are getting along nicely.

The girls' tennis team is entered in a tournament to be held at Millikin about May 9th or 10th. Last year in this tournament the team from Bradley won honors. This year the girls have been having a hard time to get in much practice, but are playing fine tennis. Frances Beecher, the tennis champion among the girls for the past three seasons, is showing up equally well this year and will probably win at Millikin.

BASEBALL.

In the baseball tournament at Charleston our men showed up well. We defeated Wesleyan in the first game by a good score.

Our next game was with St. Viators and in it we had rather poor luck. The men were off form and the game was a failure in all positions. However, the team is to be congratulated for their good work in getting into the semi-finals.

Two of our men, Sterk and Doubet were chosen on the All-State Team, which is a great honor.

GRLS' TENNIS MATCH.

At the time that the baseball tournament was on at Charleston, the tennis teams of girls were in a tournament at Millikin. Here there was some fine tennis played and our girls did well even though they did not come out champions.

In the doubles Miss Wyatt and Miss Grace Hoagland represented Bradley and were defeated by Knox after a hard fight.

In singles, Frances Beecher, the girls' champion for three years, played Miss Murdie, of Knox. Each of the players had won a set and only after a hard set did Knox come out ahead.

NOTICE.

Sometimes a broken heart means a mended conscience.

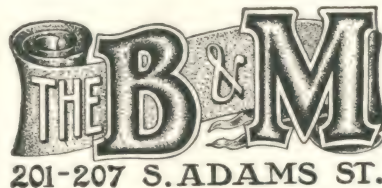
"Pop, what is a lullaby?"

"A lullaby, my son, is something that keeps a whole neighborhood awake while putting one kid to sleep."

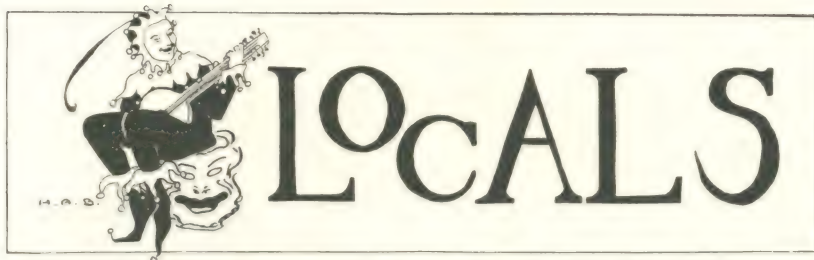
SUMMER TIME and COOL REFRESHING FROCKS

are occupying the attention of the young ladies now.

And as usual our Third Floor Misses shop leads in showing the coolest, crispest, most sheer styles of the warm weather season. You will be delighted with the many pretty and frilly things, cool but delightfully full of vogue in organdies, georgettes, as well as many pretty and charming things in wash materials. Beautiful wash skirts and a simply beautiful assortment of wash sleeveless jackets, swaggery, nifty garments for young folks sport and outing wear. We want you to call on our Third Floor and see the many pretty things for Summer.



Nothing but standardized steps and dances, THE HOLLY STUDIO, 309 S. Jefferson Ave.



Edited by Herbert B. White and Nina Keith.

AN IRISHMAN'S PLEA.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk of an Irish prisoner.

"Oh, sure," said Pat, "what are yez here for, but to foind that out?"

Floyd Moore derives his pedigree from Noah, and explains it thus: "Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and one more."

"Hey, Zartie, going to church with me to-night?"

"No, thanks! I was at the morning performance."

"Say, Rindsberg, don't stand on the railroad!"

"Why?"

"'Cause if the cars see that mouth of yours, they'll think it's a depot an' run right in."

An Iowa woman gave her husband morphine to cure him of chewing tobacco. It cured him but she's doing her own spring plowing.

"How's your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Swiggs?"

"Why, the doctor says as how as if he lives till mornin' he shall have some hopes of him, but if he don't, we must give him up."

Gertrude H.—"Jay, lend me your handkerchief."

Jay—"Sorry, but this isn't my best suit."

Thrine entered a New York hotel last summer. "Who owns this hotel?"

Clerk—"Astor."

Thrine—"I will when she comes in."

Don Murph.—"Lover's Lane is a pretty place."

Ged (eagerly)—"Can you go through it in a Ford?"

"You bet!" This from Johnnie.

C. W.—"How many girls would it take to reach from here to Pekin?"

S. C.—"Don't know."

C. W.—"Ten. A miss is as good as a mile."

A fellow stole a book and on trial said that he only took it for a joke.

"How far did you carry it?" inquired the judge.

"Two miles," he answered.

"Well, that's carrying a joke too far."

AT IT AGAIN.

Spooning came into fashion when a little bit of heaven fell from out the sky one day and settled in old Asia so very far away. The Garden of Eden, they called it, and Eden it surely was when the spooning came into fashion, and Adam to Eve made love.

There are several degrees of spooning. It depends upon whether you use a teaspoon, a soup spoon or a tablespoon. These are positive, comparative and superlative. This picture, however, represents the superlative, and we are ignorant as to whether the fashion of modern spooning usually inflicted upon the people in the teen ages has been inflicted upon this cute, little, manly child, our dear friend and class-mate, Doris Peterson, or not, though we believe not.

Doris had just finished her baking and was on her way to find some customers. We hope she had good luck and we know that she would have no difficulty in finding some one now who would partake of her wares.



Reg—"A cat fell down our well last night."

Dave—"Did he kick the bucket?"

FROM THE FRONT.

Captain—"Close up boys, close up. If the enemy were to fire on you when you were straggling along that way, they couldn't hit a blooming one of you! Close up!" And close they did.

Red (at the Tech Restaurant)—"Do you call that a veal cutlet? Why, it's an insult to every true calf in the country!"

Waiter—"I didn't mean to insult you, sir!"

"Dean, when are stockings like dead men?"

"Gee, don't you think I know? Why, when they're men-ded; when their soles are departed, when they are in holes; when they are past heeling; and when they are no longer on their last legs.

"Now, my little children," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop."

After a minute of silence, a little boy shrieked: "Let her drop."

"Hey, Cat, I got news for you, I have."

"Hello, Bo, what's the news?"

"I just found out my uncle's an old veteran an' has a hickory leg."

"Aw, that's nothing! My dear ma had a cedar chest."

Vonachen—"I've decided to enlist."
 Walt B.—"When did you flunk out?"

GET A BOTTLE.

Harry—"Are you Hungary?"
 Eldo—"Yes Siam."
 Harry—"Come along, I'll Fiji."

Ged—"What is the word for 'one'?" (In French).
 Lee—"Une."

G. Mars—"Yes, but I shouldn't show preference to the feminine gender
 But of course if you do it will be all right."

Covey—"How often does your line kill a man?"
 Battles—"Just once."

BE CAREFUL.

Ed. D.—"What made the Tower of Pisa lean?"
 Fat—"If I knew I'd try it."

Zart—"My room-mate has been nursing a grouch for several days."
 Rogers—"Oh, I didn't know you were ill."

My parents forbade me to smoke,
 I don't!
 Nor listen to a naughty joke,
 I don't!
 They made it clear I must not wink
 At pretty girls, nor even think
 About intoxicating drink.
 I don't!

To dance or flirt is very wrong,
 I don't!
 Wild youths chase women, wine and song,
 I don't!
 I kiss no girl—not even one;
 I do not know how it is done
 You wouldn't think I have much fun,
 I don't!

Welte & Wieting
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS.

112 S. Adams St.

Peoria, Ill.

JUST IN JEST.

"Do you remember how you managed to earn your first dollar?"

"Don't bother me; I'm trying to think how to keep from spending my last."

"There goes a man who made a fortune out of other people's mistakes."

"That so?"

"Yes, he invented rubber tips for lead pencils."

ON THE TRAIN.

"Can't give yo' fried aigs, boss," said the waiter, "lesson yo' want to wait till we stop?"

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, de cook, he say de road's so rough dat ebry time he tries to fry aigs dey scrambles."

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FURNISHERS

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Light Luncheons a Specialty

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